

PS 2393

.M3







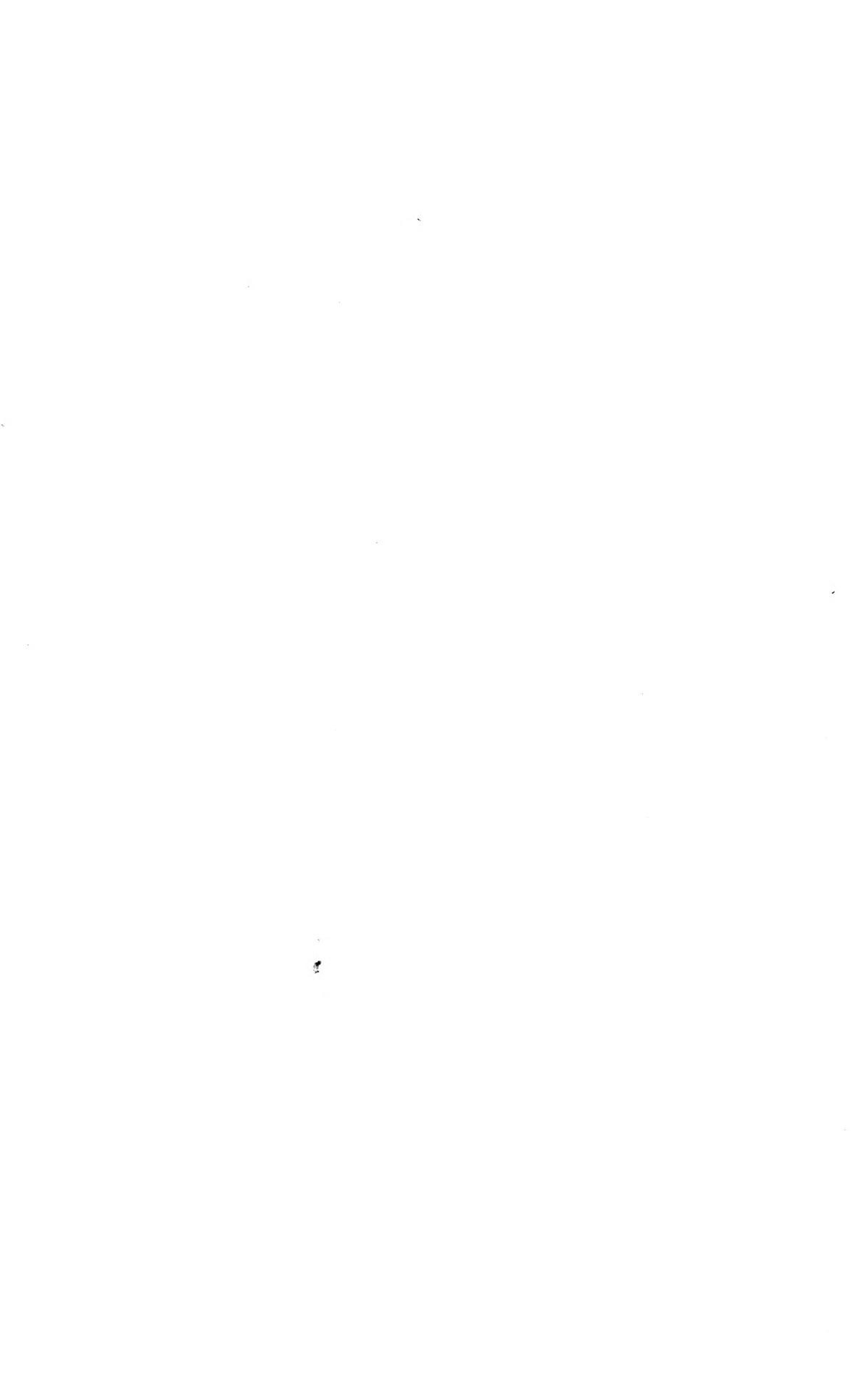




P-239  
V.13



**In Memoriam**





# In Memoriam

By

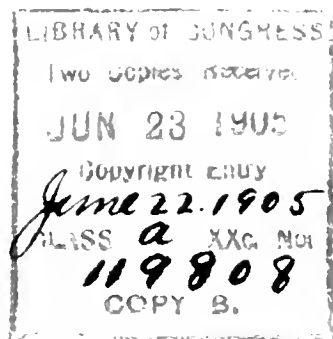
M. Louisa Milbank



Copyright, 1905

by

M. Louisa Milbank



## Dedicated

IN LOVING MEMORY

TO THOSE WHO HAVE PASSED

“BEYOND THE SHADOWS”

## The Twilight Tryst

Dost thou wish for sweet communion  
    With that far-off Land ?  
Dost thou wish to feel the pressure  
    Of an angel's hand ?  
Take thy chair beside the window  
    And just close thine eyes ;  
Let thy thoughts go back to dreamland,  
    With thy tears and sighs.

Let the time be just at twilight,  
    When the day is done,  
When the Light is slowly dying  
    For her love, the Sun ;  
And sweet Eve is wrapt in silence  
    For her lover, Night—  
All Nature bathed in peaceful calm,  
    Fading fast from sight.

Soon, soon thou'lt hear the rustle  
    Of their heavenly wings,

Soon, soon thou'lt feel a rapture  
And the bliss it brings;  
And thou'lt wait and watch a-tremble,  
For some presence sweet,  
That thou'st hoped and longed and yearned for,  
Yea—and prayed to meet.

They are near; thou canst not touch them  
With thine outstretched hand,  
But thou feel'st the soothing presence  
Of that angel band;  
Thou shalt see them in their glory,  
In their dress of gold;  
Thou shalt see them as none other—  
Eyes with love untold.

And the air is filled with fragrance  
From their perfumed robes,  
Like the scent of gathered roses  
From ten million globes.  
Thou canst see sweet incense rising  
To that Heavenly Land;  
Thou canst feel the faintest pressure  
Of thy loved one's hand.

And thou whisper'st, in thy longing,  
    "Just one moment stay!  
Art thou happy, Love, in going?  
    Just that one word say!"  
And they gently draw cloud curtains,  
    That thine eyes may see  
All the joy and bliss in Heaven  
    Waiting thee and me.



## The Sojourner

Why do we wait and falter at the going ?

Shall we not fly, as doth the white-winged dove ?  
Why do we pause and tremble on the threshold,  
Sure of sweet welcome to that Land of love ?

Is this our world land of such glorious beauty,  
Rivalling that World of perfect joy and peace ?  
Love we so well its luscious fruits, its flowers,  
Its earthly passions, too, that soon will cease ?

This world of toil, of pain and bitter sorrow ;  
This world of care and wildest discontent ;  
Thinking each day 't were better on the morrow—  
Oh! heart of Hope, what charm to earth thou 'st lent !

Some kisses make us think of treacherous Judas,  
Some fond embraces are the serpent's coil ;  
There 's nothing real in art or "beauteous Nature"—  
The serpent throws a glamor for a foil.

The golden threads of day are only sunshine,  
The silver threads are from the pale moon's light;  
Can we not see the passing of the shadows?  
Nothing is true but that which rings of right!

The ravished heart exists alone, forsaken—  
The casket gone, the precious pearl is lost;  
Some trait'rous hand hath deftly reached and taken  
All that had worth—a gem of untold cost.

I've looked in eyes where all was blank and hidden,  
The restless surging of some unnamed sea;  
I've pressed the hand whose heart was gently thrilling,  
Trembling—Ah! sweet and precious this to me.

Can we not sift the real from its drossness?  
Shall we not taste the bitter and the sweet?  
Can we not live true lives of closest friendship?  
Shall we not draw the cords of love to meet?

We know so well we're earth's benighted travellers,  
Sinking to rest on some enchanted spot,  
Lulled into sleep, with dreams, with rapturous visions—  
Our Father's House and Paradise forgot.

We dream of love, of life, but not of dying;  
When sun doth set, how rapid comes the night;  
Oh, how we grope and wander in the darkness!  
Lost is our light, our strength, our power, our might.

Rouse up my soul, awake! Let us be going!  
Stretch out thy wings and fly to Heaven's dome!  
Dost thou not know that earth 's the mystic portal  
Of Heaven, our hearts' true trysting place and home?

Oh, Land of bliss! ecstatic joy eternal!  
Oh, Land of rest for all our tired feet!  
Oh, Land untried, but sought for on the promise  
Our Saviour and our loved ones there to meet!





# Resignation

(TO A FRIEND IN GRIEF)

Oh! teach our hearts to weep  
And not our eyes,  
For there can no one peep  
Or hear our cries.

Oh! teach our lips to smile,  
Not utter dole.  
Abide with us awhile;  
Thou wilt console.

Hope then from eyes shall shine,  
As dew-drops lie;  
Thy heart so close to mine—  
Just thou and I.

Our lips shall breathe a love  
Fixed as yon star;  
Our lips shall breathe a faith  
Doubt ne'er can mar.

And we shall live to do  
Our Master's will;  
Submissive, Love, we two—  
His children still.



# Voices

(THE MOTHER'S VOICE)

My darling child, I cry to thee,  
I make my moan;  
Since thou art gone bereft am I—  
All joy hath flown.

Both loved ones gone! Oh, barren world!  
I yearn for thee!  
Dost see thy Saviour face to face?  
Oh, plead for me!

I would be where thou art, my child.  
I wait, I cry;  
Waiting until my heart grows faint  
For time to fly.

Time is a sluggard to the heart  
That longs for rest;  
Time is as cruel as the grave  
To hearts oppressed.

And so I cry and make my moan  
To Him and thee;  
The nights are long, the days are drear—  
Oh! plead for me!



(THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE)

My child, look up, and let me see  
Thy faith and trust.  
I am the One that never sleeps;  
Correct I must.

As sands upon the desert waste  
Thy doubts and fears,  
That blown about by shifting winds  
Unloosen tears.

The heart must first be purified  
By hottest fire,  
Before the voice can ever sing  
To Heavenly lyre.

Walk in the footprints I have left,  
This do for Me;  
The crown of thorns upon My brow  
I wear for thee.

(THE CHILD'S VOICE)

Oh, mother, do not seek to know  
Or question why;  
Think it but bliss that God is near;  
Oh, smile, nor sigh.

Thou griev'st the Holy Spirit, dear,  
Not me, I say;  
For I am far beyond the grief  
Of yesterday.

His hand God presses on thy heart  
In love and grace;  
The blow He dealt will leave no scar,—  
'T is on His face.

The pain and sorrow that thou feel'st  
Reflect His own;  
Dear to His heart, sweet mother, thou  
To Him hast grown.

Thou canst not reach the Heavenly heights  
Of Love divine;  
Thou canst not peer into the depths  
Of love not thine

Until thou lean'st upon His breast,  
A little child;  
Until thou leav'st thine all with Him,  
Just meek and mild.

Then, mother, pray that thou may'st join  
Our Heavenly Choir.  
Oh! sing and wait in peace and joy;  
'T is my desire.

Oh, sing sweet songs and wait for Him,  
Dear heart—and see  
What bliss awaits thee—do not fear—  
I plead for thee.

With sweetness thou His praise shalt sing  
(Freed from all sin)  
Praise for the Resurrection morn;  
Life will begin.

His glory we 'll together chant  
With one accord;  
In glory we 'll together be  
With Christ, the Lord.



## My Song Bird

Lost are the notes of my bird,  
    Alackaday!  
No more shall that voice be heard,  
    Alackaday!  
Trilling its carols so gay,  
Thrilling all hearts with some lay,  
Cooing with tenderest art,  
Wooing the mate of its heart—  
    Alackaday!

Oh! where has its sweetness gone?  
    Alackaday!  
Oh! where is the long lost song?  
    Alackaday!  
Come back, my song bird, come back!  
Every song shall one note lack—  
The joy and sweetness of love,  
My darling, my stricken dove—  
    Alackaday!

## Reverie

I sit in fantasy to-night  
Silent, alone; the dimmest light  
Brings out the phantom shadows bright,  
Of memories of days gone by;  
And so I sit in fantasy,  
So sweet.



### IN MEMORIAM

Dreaming, before my eyes I see  
Those wondrous eyes that you and we  
Have loved and lost, and long to see—  
Those eyes of such a glorious hue;  
Eyes one could see had truly caught  
Cerulean tint while coming through  
From Heaven—that clouds had surely sought  
To hold him fast in their embrace;  
That his surprise had left a trace  
Of wonder on his baby face—



Those eyes that always seemed to say  
In such a sweet, mysterious way,  
“Why am I here? Oh! why not there?  
Heaven is so fair”!

---

A sturdy boy with kilted skirt  
Of silver gray—and how alert  
To watch each move of foot or hand.  
He looked a Prince of all the land;  
His heart was filled with childish pride  
Because his parents walked beside.  
Running before he oft looked round  
To measure length and space of ground  
With eyes his childish steps had traced;  
Then with a smile of love—yea, more,  
Returned and walked just as before.  
But still that wondering gaze was there:  
“I had no care and Heaven is fair.  
Oh tell me, tell me, answer pray,  
Why am I here? Oh! why not there?  
Heaven was so fair”!

---

And now I see him clad in white,  
In flowing robes, in golden light—

The same sweet smile, the same bright face,  
The eyes so full of love and grace;  
No wistful look, but joy and peace;  
So troubled hearts, your sorrow cease.  
I think I hear him softly say,  
“A thousand years are but a day  
For all—I am so happy here!  
I feel no pain, I have no fear;  
I cannot call; I wait for Him  
To sound the note that frees from sin  
And sorrow, pain, and care—my own,  
I wait for Him, in loving tone  
To tell me, ‘ Here have come your own’  
In Heaven so fair.”



## Consolation

His eyes were closed; he lay as if asleep.  
We kissed his sweet warm lips, nor dared to weep,  
And called him back with cries to earth and me;  
But oh! that heart was still—his spirit free.

It hovered round him, leaving Peace so sweet  
Like fragrant flowers that our eyes did greet  
On winding sheet of purest white thrown o'er—  
But Joy hath flown and will return no more.

I think of one who, with him—by his side  
With tender words of love that will abide,  
Gave comfort to his weary, fainting heart—  
God send her Peace, of life the better part.

And one who read a prayer for weary feet,  
Bade angels take his hand—with wings so fleet  
They came that summer morn—a seraph band—  
And led him gently to that Heavenly Land.

Oh, memory sweet of such a death and life!  
At rest from toil and care, from earthly strife,  
I know he 's gone before us to prepare  
Some spirit mansion that we all shall share.

Say I prepare? Ah! that was surely done  
Ere earth was made, or stars, or moon, or sun—  
And so God took our loved, our dearest, best,  
And bids us follow—that shall be our quest.

And we shall meet him when our day is done—  
The light grows dim, shade follows setting sun.  
At twilight, Dear, we 'll meet you on that shore  
Where God is Love—Love lives forevermore.

















JUN 78



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 871 176 A